HISTORIC HOMESTEADS IN THE MEADOWS OF THE DAN

REAR VIEW OF WINDSOR.

HON. S. H. WILSON.

A GLIMPSE OF WINDSOR.

WINDSOR is another of the palatial homes in the Garden of Eden. The cut of the proprietor of this handsome home is a familiar face to many in Richmond. It is that of the Hon. S. H. Wilson, the representative from Pittsylvania county in the State Legislature, a man impressive for honesty and high principle.

The public life, then, of its owner gives Windsor added interest. Apart from this, the magnificence of the estate and its historical connections make it one of notable significance. This plantation in ante-Revolutionary days was "Farley," the gift of Colonel William Byrd to his son-in-law, General Izzard, of Pennsylvania. The homestead of this plantation still exists, comfortably inhabitable, and is occupied by tenants of the place at this time. It is doubtless one of the oldest Colonial structures in this section. This "Farley," with its 1,900 or more acres of land, was bought from General Izzard by Colonel Robert Wilson a few years after the Revolution, and has been since the property of succeeding Wilson generations.

This Wilson family had Scotland for the home of its ancestry, and is a well-known name to-day in that part of the British kingdom. The first immigrant of that name came to America in 1720. As a family they have been characterized as extensive land owners, land holders and land cultivators, and their plantations are kept intact and by entailment succeed to generations without division of great extent. Thus it is that the name of Wilson is associated with big plantations.

"Windsor" is now the homestead proper of the old Farley estate, having been built by Colonel Wilson through a desire to have a commodious and replete modern residence. Perfectly does it illustrate the substantial and stately architecture of the last century. An extensive lawn, shaded by grand old oaks at intervals, makes an inviting approach by a circular driveway of a third of a mile to the house. Thus Windsor, in its noble outline, comes boldly into view.

On entering the house an impression of perfection is made in every detail. The double walls of pressed brick, plate glass windows, cast-iron casements, the winding stairways, the high and heavy wainscoting, the smooth, hard floors, beautifully decorated plastering, marble mantels and massive doors, all convey to the mind that its builder had an eye to beauty, durability and comfort in the erection of his home. There are twenty-one rooms, dressing-rooms and three hallways and a garret and basement floor. Gas fixtures and arrangements for hot and cold water are supplied throughout the house. When the sitting-room and parlors are thrown into one by their folding doors a proper conception of the size of Windsor may be had. These two rooms would perhaps accommodate a company that some country homesteads of prominence could never hope to hold.

The outhouses on the place are in perfect keeping with the main dwelling. They are built of brick and well-lighted with numerous windows. Brick walks connect them with the house, and in every arrangement every convenience of that day was made in ample provision.

This was Windsor in the early part of its history—an old plantation with its hundred of slaves, alive in the splendor and abundance of those past days. Windsor to-day, in the hands of its present owner, has fallen heir to modern methods and improvements, having retained its past glory of appearance and extent of area. But slaves are no longer exponents of the amount of work accomplished on the plantation. Machinery and extensive farming fall in line here as is the case with all progressive farmers, and the 1,000 barrels of corn on the average per year, with wheat and hay and oats in a proportionate yield, as well as tobacco, prove that in the hands of tenants to-day these old plantations have not decreased in value on account of "Lee's surrender."

A view of the premises at the subject of this sketch would emphasize the fact that close application of real business methods at farming does pay. Thrift and success are portrayed in the keeping up of all necessities of the estate. Woven Page wire fences inclose its different sections, a modern box-stall stable, an up-to-date barn, and other storage houses, show that things are done right. A grist mill, with best modern machinery, on Mountain Run Creek, adds value to the place. The situation, however, of this tract of land gives it a great advantage. Beside the many springs of freestone water to be found, Dan River, Cascade Creek and Mountain Run Creek flow through the plantation, and the Danville and Western Railroad comes almost up to the back yard. Five hundred and thirty of its acres, upon which the houses are located, lies in Pittsylvania county, while 1,374 are in Rockingham county, N. C.

Windsor, as a modern farm, is noted for its live stock. It is the home of Prince Denmark and horses of aristocratic blood, whose lineage and development attract lovers of the turf from far and near. The Jersey cow and Berkshire hog also represent the thoroughbred, while a large pack of the best blooded fox-hounds keep up the record of the Wilsons as the followers of the chase.

This is a mere outline of description. The large grove at the rear of the house, the old-time borders of boxwood, the inviting flower gardens, the much-famed Cape Jasmine bushes, are attractive points about the yard, while neat cabins nestling about here and there in the distance, trimmed-out pine thickets and other bodies of woods, and rolling land and hillsides as backgrounds for cultivated tracts, and wide pasture lands, are details that give a setting of beauty to this gem of the mason's art in the Garden of Eden.

Such, then, is a sketch of this well-known homestead, in plain view of the Danville and Western Railroad, as it approaches the Leaksville Junction. The care and labor expended to preserve and improve it is an evidence that a man who looks well after the things of his own can be trusted with the affairs of the State. This, then, is the home of Hon. S. H. Wilson, the twice-elected legislator from near old Cascade.

Khartum, the New Capital of the Sudan and Its Remarkable Growth

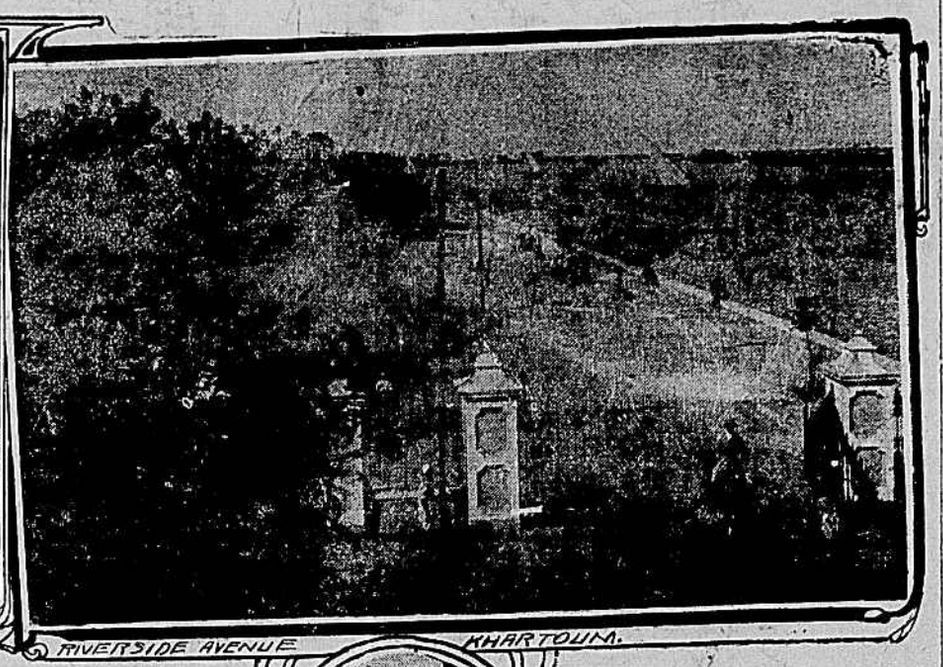
(Copyright, 1907, by Frank G. Carpenter.)

Khartum.

A REAL estate boom in the heart of Africa! Farm lands rising sky high! Town lots selling at fabulous prices! New streets reaching out into the desert! Residences and business blocks going up, and the people crazy at the increase in values! That is what we have here at Khartum.

I have already told you of the prosperity of the Nile Valley and of the mushroom growth of Alexandria and Cairo, and how farm lands in the delta are selling from $500 to $1,000 per acre. Similar boom conditions prevail in upper Egypt, and farm lands are rising all along the great river. Assiout, Luxor, Assouan and the towns and villages of lower Nubia are thriving, and away up here, as far from the mouth of the Nile by its windings as the Rocky Mountains are distant from the mouth of the Hudson, I find the same things going on. Lands on the Island of Tuti, in the Blue Nile, opposite Khartum, are priced out of sight, and real estate speculators are trying to buy all they can in the Gezireh, that rich territory between the Blue and the White Niles, which here come together. In Khartum itself building lots are selling at the government auctions for 200 times what their owners asked for them seven years ago, and in Halfaya, the suburb which lies at the end of the railroad, on the opposite side of the river, the farms have been divided into lots and are being sold for manufacturing purposes. Farm lands near the river, which not long ago were to be had for $20 an acre, are now worth from $150 to $300 per acre, and some even more.

TAKING A BITE OUT OF A BRANCH OF A HIGH TREE



RIVERSIDE AVENUE KHARTOUM.

The Chicago of the Sudan.

Khartum is bound to be the Chicago of the Sudan. It lies here at the junction of two of the greatest rivers of North Africa, giving it navigable highways to Abyssinia and to the rich lands along the watershed of the Congo. It has railroads connecting it with the Mediterranean, and with the exception of one stretch of less than 600 miles, where the cataracts lie, it has the main stream of the Nile to give it cheap freight rates to Europe. Within the past year or so it has opened a railroad to Suakin, on the Red Sea, and in time it will be one of the great stations on the main route by steamer and rail from Cairo to the cape.

Khartum is the capital of the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan. I wonder if you know what that means. If you do, you are wiser than most men not on the ground. This country is a world in itself, and it is, to a large extent, unexplored. It is of vast size. It begins at the upper end of Egypt, and reaches to Uganda and the Belgian Congo, or farther than from New York to the Mississippi. It is more than 1,000 miles wide, and it covers altogether twice as much territory as France and Germany combined. It is more than one-fourth as large as the United States, with Alaska and the Philippines added thereto, and it has some lands which are richer than almost any part of our country. The province of the Gezireh, to which I have referred, could be irrigated and form a country more fertile and bigger than Egypt, and there are regions of good rainfall in the south which are susceptible of cultivation. The Sudan has vast forests and rich deposits of iron and other minerals.

It has extensive grazing lands, and at the time when the mahdi began his wars against the khedive and the Christians it contained a population of more than 120,000,000. It would probably support ten times that number, although it has only about 2,000,000 to-day. This country is all tributary to Khartum. The best parts of it are reached by the upper Nile system, and the other regions will be tapped by railroads, some of which are already planned and soon to be built.

The Story of Khartum.

I called upon the Governor of Khartum this afternoon and asked him to tell me the story of the city. Said he:

"The buildings which you see here are all new, but the town is older than some of the mushroom cities of the United States. It was born before Chicago, being founded by Mohammed Ali in 1821. It grew with remarkable rapidity, and along about ten years later it was made the seat of the government of the Sudan and became an important commercial centre. It was such just before the insurrection of the mahdi occurred, and it was here that Gordon ruled and here that he was killed. He was butchered on the steps of a building on the site of the present Governor's palace. After that the mahdi declared that Khratum should be cast out. It destroyed all the houses and made the inhabitants come to his new capital, Omdurman, which he had laid out on the other side of the White Nile, about five miles to the southward. When the people left they tore off the roofs and pulled out the doors of their houses and carried them along to use in their new houses at Omdurman.

After that, for years, and until Kitchener came, Khartum was nothing but a brick pile and a dust heap. Omdurman had swallowed up not only its whole population, but that of a great part of the Sudan. The khalifa forced the tribes to come there to live, in order that he might have their men ready for his army in times of war, and the result was that Omdurman had more than a half million inhabitants, while Khartum had nothing.

Like Washington.

"Then we had the war with the khalifa, and we finally conquered him," the Governor continued. "We reduced the greater part of Omdurman to ruins, and then began planning the building of a great city. The idea at first was to force the people to move from Omdurman to Khartum, but it was finally decided that it would be far better to have a native city there and to make this place the government and foreign centre, with a manufacturing and commercial town at Halfaya, on the northern bank of the Blue Nile.

"The Khartum of to-day was laid out after somewhat the same plan as your capital at Washington; at least, the reasons that determined the plans were the same. Washington city was plotted at about the time of the French Revolution, and its architect was L'Enfant, a French engineer. He planned the city so that it could be easily defended in case of a rebellion, and at the same time be beautiful. For that reason the streets were made to cut one another at right angles, with avenues running diagonally through them, forming squares and circles, where one cannon could command many streets.

Lord Kitchener had the same idea as to Khartum. He directed his architects to make the streets wide, with several large squares, and to have the whole so arranged that gatling guns placed at the chief crossings could command the whole city. The result was the Khartum as you now see it.

"The town is laid out in three great sections, and all building plans must first be submitted to the government architects before permits of construction can be issued. The section along the Nile is devoted to the government buildings and the residences of the officials and to others who can afford good houses. Back of that there are streets where houses of a smaller class may be built, and farther back still and more to the south is a third section of houses for natives. They is so planned that it can gro these lines, and we believe tha some day be one of the lar most beautiful of the cities of Africa."

An Oasis City.

I have now been in Khartum over a week, and find it most interesting. The city is a great oasis in the midst of the desert, away off here in the heart of Africa. In coming to it I crossed the sands and rocks of Nubia, and it was not until I was within a few miles of Halfaya, which lies opposite here on the other bank of the Nile, that I saw signs of vegetation. The train then entered a region of thorn bushes ten or fifteen feet high; beyond which patches of grass bleached by the sun were to be seen, and closer other evidences of cultivation. The Arabs were digging out the thorn bushes on the edge of the desert and stacking them up in piles for fuel. There were a few animals grazing on the scanty grass, and the country made me think of the Big Bow Bend of Washington State, which is now being turned into farms. There is desert all about Khartum, and everywhere back from the Nile the lands are nothing but rock and sand.

Out of these bleak and arid surroundings rises a city of green. All along the river, for a distance of more than two miles, runs a wide avenue shaded by trees and backed by buildings and private houses in beautiful gardens. This avenue is a succession of parks from one end of it to the other. It begins with the Botanical and Zoological Gardens, where all the trees of the tropics and semi-tropics luxuriantly grow, and where one may see the soap tree, the monkey-bread tree and other curious examples of the Sudanese flora. There are several lions and tigers in the garden, and there is also a mighty giraffe which I photographed this afternoon as he was taking a bite out of a branch at the height of a two-story house.

WOMEN CARRYING STONES

Next to the Zoological Garden is the Grand Hotel, a long bungalow-shaped structure, and beyond are the two-story homes of many officials, all beautifully shaded by date palms. The first public building on this avenue is the post and telegrapt office. Beyond it are the offices of the war department, with public gardens behind them, and further still is the great white palace in which the governor-general of the Sudan lives and has his offices. This is directly on the river, with a beautiful garden behind it. Farther along the avenue is the Sudan Club and the hospital, and away at the south the large buildings of the Gordon Memorial College, with the British barracks at the end of the street. This avenue runs right along the Blue Nile, with beautiful views in sight all the way. On the edge of the river are numerous sakiyehs, or huge water wheels, moved around by bullocks with humps on their backs. They raise the water from the river into the ditches and canals, which carry it over the city and make vegetation possible. The sakiyehs start at 7 o'clock every morning. Their wheels are never greased, and as they move they screech and groan and sigh. There is one in front of the Grand Hotel, which serves as my alarm clock, for sleep is murdered at the moment it begins.

Business Khartum.

The business parts of Khartum are on the streets back from the river and running parallel with it. There is one great square devoted to the markets. This covers ten or more acres, and the Abbas square, in which the mosque stands, a little farther west, is fully twice as large. The business section has two banks and many stores managed chiefly by Greeks. The Italians have also some large establishments. One of the biggest of all is the house of Angelo Capato, a man who might be called the Marshall Field of the Sudan, for he has a large business here, with branches all over the country and desert stores far up the Nile. The stores have covered porches in front of them or they face arcades which keep off the sun.

The new mosque of Khartum is one of the most beautiful buildings in Africa. It is a great two-story structure of white stone, with minarets rising high above it. The galleries of the minarets have a lacework of stone running around them and the towers are covered with Arabic carvings. The mosque is named after the young khedive, and he has, I am told, furnished much of the money for its erection.

Khartum has also a new Coptic church of large size, as well as a Church of England and the schools and chapels of the United Presbyterian Mission of our country. So, you see, it has abundant religious facilities, notwithstanding its position on this far-away part of the globe.

Where the Women Do the Work.

I have been interested in watching the women at work in the building of Khartum. New houses and business blocks are now going up almost everywhere, and every mason and mechanic has his women helpers. The laborers come from all parts of Sudan, and the women of a half dozen tribes may be working on the same building.

I wish I could show you some of these women as I see them laboring on the buildings and on the banks of the Nile. They are lusty black girls, straight and plump, and so lightly dressed that one can see all the outlines of their forms. Some have but a thin sheet of blue cotton wrapped loosely around their shoulders, and another wound about the waist so that it falls to the feet. The upper garment is off half the time. The girl is then bare to the waist, and her plump bust shows out in the bright sun, as she raises her arms high to steady the load on her head. Her skin shines like polished ebony, and look as close as you please you can see no sign of a hair on any part of her except on her head. These African natives, both men and women, pull out all the hair on their bodies, going over them once a month for this purpose. This custom is common in many parts of the world. It is so with some of the Indians of the Amazon, so with the Jewesses of Tunis, who are shaved from head to foot just before marriage, and so with the Moros of our Philippine Islands, who carry along with them little tweezers to pull out any stray hair that appears.

Then he reflected a little in silence. "Sey," he mused on at last, "the question is, Are they innocent? Do you know I begin to believe there is no such thing left as primitive innocence anywhere. This Tyrolese count knows the value of a pound as distinctly as if he hung out in Capel Court or Kimberley."

Things dragged on in this way, inconclusively, for a week or two. We bid down; the lawyers stuck to it. Sir Charles grew half sick of the whole silly business. For my own part, I felt sure if the high, well-born count didn't quicken his pace my respected relative would shortly have had enough of the Tyrol altogether, and be proof against the most lovely of crag crowning castles. But the count didn't see it. He came to call on us at our hotel—a rare honor for a stranger with these haughty and exclusive Tyrolese nobles—and even entered unannounced in the most friendly manner. But when it came to pounds, shillings and pence he was absolute adamant. Not one kreutzer would he abate from his original proposal.

"You misunderstand," he said, with pride; "we Tyrolese gentlemen are not shopkeepers or merchants. We do not higgle. If we say a thing we stick to it. Were you an Austrian I should feel insulted by your ill-advised attempt to beat down my price. But as you belong to a great commercial nation—"

He broke off with a snort and shrugged his shoulders compassionately.

We saw him several times driving in and out of the schloss, and every time he waved his hand at us gracefully. But when we tried to bargain, it was always the same thing; he retired behind the shelter of his Tyrolese nobility. We might take it or leave it. 'Twas still Schloss Lebenstein.

The lawyers were as bad. We tried all we knew, and got no "forrarder."

At last Charles gave up the attempt in disgust. He was tiring, as I expected. "It's the prettiest place I ever saw in my life," he said; "but, hang it all, Sey, I won't be imposed upon!"

So he made up his mind, it being now December, to return to London. We met the count next day, and stopped his carriage and told him so. Charles thought this would have the immediate effect of bringing the man to reason. But he only lifted his hat, with the blackcock's feather, and smiled a bland smile. "The Archduke Karl is inquiring about it," he answered, and drove on without parley.

Charles used some strong words, which I will not transcribe (I am a family man), and returned to England.

For the next two months we heard little from Amelia save her regret that the count wouldn't sell us Schloss Lebenstein. Its pinnacles had fairly pierced her heart. Strange to say, she was absolutely infatuated about the castle. She rather wanted the place while she was there, and thought she could get it; now she thought she couldn't, her soul (if she has one) was wildly set upon it.

Labor and Wages.

The wages these women receive are pitifully low. Ten or 15 cents a day is big money for a woman, and a man can be hired for twenty cents or less. For these wages the women unload the stone boats on the Nile, wading out into the river and coming back up the banks with two or three great rocks piled high on the head. They carry sand in baskets, and spread it over the stones on the roadways, and they sit down on the sides of the roads and break stones for macadamizing. They carry the mortar up the scaffolding to the masons, and quite an army of them is employed in bringing water in five-gallon coal oil cans up from the Nile. Some of the streets are thus sprinkled, and many of the gardens of Khartum are kept moist in this way. Here, at the Grand Hotel, we have a half dozen women who carry water all day long to irrigate the garden. Some of the girls are tall. I had photograph of myself standing beside one taken to-day, and she overtopped me some inches. She objected to my having her picture, and as she was a lusty young negress it was for a time undecided whether I should succeed.

I have asked some questions here as to labor. The builders tell me it is almost impossible to get what they want and that the more wages they pay the greater the danger of a labor famine. The trouble is the natives will not work if they have money, and when wages are high they work so much the less. All they need is their food, and a family can live on 5 cents and less per day.

The food consists chiefly of boiled durra, or sorghum meal, and the drink is a native beer which costs almost nothing. A man can get a suit of cloths for a dollar, and a woman can be outfitted for less. When food is cheap the prices of labor rise, and when it is dear they fall. The native reasons that he ought to be paid more for his work when the food prices are low, for in such a case he can easily get food ahead, and why should he work at the ordinary wage when he has all he wants. When the food goes up the laborers need the work to pay for it and the competition brings wages down.

An American Brickmaker.

Referring to the building up of Khartum, many of the new structures are to be furnished with brick by a man from Chicago. This man came to Port Sudan some months ago, intending to start a brick factory there and supply building material for the new port now going up at the end of the Nile and the Red Sea Railway. While he was waiting for his brick-making machine he took a run up to Khartum to see what was going on here. He found the town booming and decided to settle. He has bought a native brickyard and pending the arrival of his machine is now making bricks by hand with native labor. He started only a month or so ago, and he tells me he has already contracts for more than five million bricks. He is employing several hundred Sudanese men and women at 15 or 20 cents a day, but he says that their labor is so poor and unreliable that the work of six of his natives will not equal that of one good American.

FRANK G. CARPENTER

GREEK CURRANT SHIPMENTS.

Annual Report Shows Further Decreased Exports.

Mr. John B. Jackson, American Minister at Athens, reports that the statistics of the annual Greek currant "campaign," which ends on August 9th, old style, each year, have just been officially published, showing the following results:

The total amount of currants exported during the 1906 campaign as in the preceding year, showed a slight decrease, this amount being 229,212,784 Venetian pounds, as against more than 238,000,000 pounds for 1905. As usual, more than half of the crop was exported to England, the United States retaining second place on the export list with almost 34,000,000 pounds, or a little less than last year. No currants were shipped to Roumania during the period in question. Brazil took about half the quantity which she had taken the year before, being still the only South American country mentioned. No additional shipments followed the small amount sent to China on account of 1905, and Japan appears as a purchaser to the amount of more than 10,000 pounds. Australia seems to take about 8,000,000 pounds annually.